TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

# WASHINGTON, D. C.

describe a famons hospital at Turin. It is a recent building, with all the latest improvements, and considered, in respect to fitness for its purpose, as a chef d'awvre of architecture. The contrivances and material appliances for the sick and convaleacent were exhibited to me as the wonder and boast of the city; certainly they were most ingenious. The management was in the hands of a committee of gentlemen; under them a numerous staff of priests and physicians. Two or three female servants of the lowest class were sweeping and cleaning. In the convaleacent wards I saw a great deal of card-playing. All was formal, cold, clean, and silent; no cheerful, kindly faces; no soft, low woices, no light, active figures, were hovering round. I left the place with a melantholy feeling, shared, as I found, by those who were with me. One of them, an accomplished physician, felt and candidly acknowledged the want of female influence here.

One of the directors of the great military hospital at Turin told me that he regarded it as one of the best deeds of his life, that he had recommended, and carried through, the employment of the Sisters of Charity in this institution. Before the introduction of these ladies, the sick soldiers had been nursed by orderlies, sent from the neighboring barracks—men chosen because they were unfit for other work.

sen because they were unfit for other work. The most rigid discipline was necessary to keep them in order; and the dirt, neglect, and general immorality, were frightful. Any change was, however, resisted by the military and medical authorities, till the invasion of the cholera; then the orderlies became, most of them, useless, distracted, almost paralyzed with terror. Some devoted Sisters of Charity were introduced in a moment of perplexity and panic, then all went well—propriety, cleanliness, and comfort, prevailed. "No day passes," said my informant, "that I do not bless God for the change which I was the humble instrument of accomplishing in this place!"

Very similar was the information I received relative to the naval hospital at Genoa; but I had not the opportunity of visiting it.

Another excellent hospital at Turin, that of St. John, contained, when I visited it, four hundred patients, a nearly equal number of men and women. There were, besides, a separate ward for sick children, and two wards containing about sixty incurables—the bed ridden and helpless poor, of the same class which find ref. uge in our work-houses. The whole of this large establishment was under the management of shout forty-five assistants, men and women, and a large number of men and and large number of men and a large number of men and and large number of men and a large number of men and and large number of men and and large number of men and large number of m

helpless poor, of the same class which find refuge in our work-houses. The whole of this large establishment was under the management of twenty-two religious women, with a staff of about forty-five assistants, men and women, and a large number of medical men and students. All was clean, and nest, and cheerful. I was particularly struck by the neatness with which the food was served; men brought it up in large trays, but the ladies themselves distributed it. Some friends of the poor sick were near the beds. I remember being touched by the sight of a little dog, which, with its fore paws resting on the bed, and a pathetic, wistful expression in its drooping face, kept its eyes steadfastly fixed on the sick man; a girl was kneeling beside him, to whom one of the without knowing very well what I southt; so

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BAILEY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR; JOHN G. WHITTIER, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

VOL. XI.

WASHINGTON, D. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1857.

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INTERESTING RELIC.—We find in the las number of the Culpeper Observer the subjoined letter, addressed to General Washington by a citizen of Fauquier county, Virginia, in the year 1781:

ELE RUN, FAUQUIER Co., VA., January 20, 1781.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

The second research control company to the control of the cont

item was rather dearer than if it had been bought by weight in the garden of the Hesperidee, where all the fruit was of eighteen carat gold. We would suggest to those modern tempters of fruit-loving humanity, Thompson and Taylor, that they withdraw the costlier fruits from their respective paradises until the panic subsides. When bank stock is going down hill with a hop, skip, and a jump, of three, five, and ten per cent., it is impossible to est grapes at three dollars a pound, or peaches at two for fifty cents, without a sensation of insolvency and after-thoughts of suicide. Persons who do not desire to be led into temptation should avoid looking at the richly-baited windows of the above-mentioned restaurateurs.

But we must not turn our blind side to the regular fruit markets, unless we intend to have sour looks instead of sweetmeats at our vesper meals next winter. The women must have their Morris whites, egg plums, damsons, citron melons, quinces, &c., for family use, despite the high price of the raw materials, and the sugar which is to embalm them, "pound for pound." We confess to having demurred to the appropriation demanded by the home department for this branch of domestic economy. We suggested to the head of the department that our duty, according to the Litany, was to pray to the Lord "to preserve the kindly fruits of the earth, so that in good time we may enjoy them," and that no warrant could be found, either in Scripture or the Rubric, for preparing brandy-peaches, when the fruit was twelve dollars a basket and the sweetening sixteen cents a pound.

basket and the sweetening sixteen cents a pound.

The rejoinder was a moral lecture on our profanity, so touching and truthful, that in a fit of remorse we purchased two huge preserving kettles, and the cream of all the stewable, boilable, and bakable fruits which graced the stalls of Washington market on Friday last. On seeing these liberal contributions to the sweets of married life, the head of the household, whose looks for some days had been suggestive of pickles, immediately "simmered down," and the family felicity was restored. An affectionate entreaty to cover the expense by giving up cigars, wound up the affair. Reader, if thou wouldst have home, sweet, home, go thou and do likewise.—N. Y. Sunday Times.

MACAULAY.—It now seems just like a day to look back on the time when Mr. Macaulay, and

MACAULAY.—It now seems just like a day to look back on the time when Mr. Macaulay, and Praed, and Charles Buller, and many more, were about town, after the starting of Knight's Quarterly Magazine. Praed is now no more; he was more of a poet than a politician, and he was not well suited for the struggle of life. Like Charles Buller, he was of a weakly constitution, and his brains were not supported by backbone. Of all that brilliant company, Mr. Macaulay has alone culminated. Both Praed and Charles Buller were prematurely cut off; and many others, with considerable talents, have pursued the "hum-drum" course of existence—they married, got rich, and gained happiness without renown. Mr. Macaulay, in Lord Bacon's language, never gave "hostage to fortune;" and even with all the advantages of his varied knowledge, the new literary Peer has been singularly fortunate, so much as to deserve his old name of "luck Tom." He was "lucky" in having a father before him who had access to all the high Whig circles. Old Zachary was not a bad progenitor for an ambitions young crafer.

Hay, Dog when, the deathy mines no discussed Change of the control of the control

-A pedlar, ealling on an old lady to dispose of some goods, inquired of her if she could tell him of any road no pedlar had travelled. "Yes," said she, "I know of one, and only one, and that's the road to heaven."

started by one of the 'sensation' journals of New York."

A farmer in Canada was last summer fined for working on Sunday. He appealed to the Supreme Court, and was beaten. The case now goes to the Queen's Bench. His defence was, that it had rained every day for a week, and if he had let his hay lay until Monday, it

feet, it is desirable that they should utterly leave the city behind them. It is absurd to go into the country to find the luxuries of a city. It is to get rid of them that they go. Men are combered and hampered by too much convenience in the city. They grow artificial. They lose a relish for patural beauty and the simple occupations of rural life. Our children need a separate and special training in country education. We send them to the Polytechnique for eight months. But for four months we send them to God's school, in the openness and simplicity of the country. A diploma in this achool will be of service to body and mind while life lasts. A boy is a piece of existence quite as

standings, was dead; "sund, of course," and arrows, for blows, for card-consider, and a string, for does not have been a string, and string, for the string, of the string, for the string, and string, for the string, and string, for the string, and string, whose root and life are in the infinite, are like the fixed stars, which become no larger to the most powerful telescope than to the natural eye. Their distance is too vast to make any appreciable variation in magnitude possible. They are mere points of light.

Boys have their soft and gentle moods, too. You would suppose, by the morning racket, that nothing could be more foreign to their nature than romance and vague sadness, such as ideality produces in adults. But boys have hours of great sinking and sadness, when kindness and sympathy are peculiarly needful to them.

There are now published in Iowa 19 daily papers, 109 weekly papers, 1 semi-monthly, and 6 monthly periodicals—in all, 133—which, with an average circulation of 1,000 copies each, would make 133,000 newspapers published and circulated in the State each week.

The Boston Transcript says: "We hope some day to be able to publish a number of our paper that will not contain the denial of a story contained by one of the 'sensation' journals of the most common forms of selfishness is that by a piece of a board, and was very much exhausted.

"During Sunday night there were four more of our number died of exhaustion and swallowing too much salt water. The name of one of these I do not know. He belonged to the steward's department, and was a colored man. The names of the others were—

"George Burrington, third engineer.

"Patrick Evana, coal passer.

"Patrick Carr, fireman.

"Monday.—On Monday, we saw nothing of any more of the passengers or of the wreck; nothing transpired on that day worthy of note; there were then four of us out of twelve alive.

"Tuesday.—We saw another passenger a short distance from us, who was on a part of the Captain's room, and a great deal better off than he would have been on the hurricane deck with us; we spoke with him, and he wanted to know how we were getting along, and said he did not wish to exchange his raft or support for a chance on ours. He told me his name, but I cannot recollect it. We parted with him when night came on, in consequence of the

"That evening, just before dark, we picked up another passenger, whose name I do not know. He was supporting himself in the water by a piece of a board, and was very much ex-

A thousand things are blamed in them, simply because, measured by our manhood standard, it and, they are unfit, whereas upon the scale of childhood they are congruous and proper. We deny children's requests, often, upon the scale of our own likings and dislikings. We attempt to govern them by a man's regimen, and not by a child's.

And yet, badgered, snubbed, and scolded, on the one hand—petted, flattered, and indulged, on the other—it is astonishing how many children work their way up to an houest manhood, in spite of parents and friends. Human the same element of great toughness in it.

When we see what men are made of, our won-

was kneeling beside him, to whom one of the Sisters was speaking words of comfort.

Sisters was speaking words of comfort.

In this hospital and others I have found an other I have found an other

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G. BAILEY, Washington, D. C.

see over one hundred yards from us. We could not see a man in the water over one hundred yards, but we heard cries for help all around us up to daylight.

"Sunday Morning.—At daylight that morning I saw about ten or twelve persons floating around us, but they were all too far off, except Mr. Dawson, for us to give any assistance. Mr. Dawson was on a plank, and awam to us, and climbed up on the hurricane deck with us.

"About 11 o'clock on Sunday morning, John Bank, one of the coal passers, who was with us at the time the vessel sunk from under us, died from exhaustion and swallowing salt water. After death, we threw him overboard.

"Before night three more died, whose names I do not know. They died from exhaustion and swallowing salt water. These we also threw overboard.

"Before night three more died, whose names I do not know. They died from exhaustion and swallowing salt water. These we also threw overboard. resents a run of money, leaving a void at one quarter of the compass, and giving to another rather more than its due. A panic is not merely a species of commercial pathology; it is an act of intention, strength, and skill, with authors, motives, victims, and all the rest that constitutes action. Let us see, then, how a panic at New York operates upon American railways and their numerous British shareholders.

Let us suppose the British "capitalist"—generally a man who has earned his money slowly, and his experience still more slowly—alive to a few of the perils that environ American speculation. Let him be fairly up to a pretended State guarantee, or an informal State guarantee with a flaw in it, to the danger of rival lines, and lines made simply to assist in the making of lines, which will ruin them when made; to the danger of management, of amalgamations, of leases, and sales, which may or may not have the general shareholder in an unpleasant position. Let the Englishman either devos the autumn of his days and the flickering light of his declining income to gaining an ineight into these curiosities of American enterprise; or let him have the sense to consult a broker, who can point out these dangerous places on that smooth, seductive surface want him, but if im."

When we see what men are made of, our wonder is, not that so many children are spoiled, but that so many are saved.

The country is appointed of God to be the children's nursery; the city seems to have marked bills which have of the items of cages with arborness of cages with arborness of cages with arborness. Second, said cages, 3,000 muslin petticosts of the open country. For this, if for no other